

BIRDS OF PREY

#21

SIEGE

PART FOUR
CONCLUSION

THE DEEP

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PAGE ONE

SPLASH

Giz speaks to us in a close shot. He has on an especially wacky set of eyegear with a large visor and lots of wires leading from it. His squirrel is on his shoulder. Blockbuster FILLS the background.

TITLE: **THE DEEP**

GIZ: GUESS YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU'RE ALL **HERE**.

BLOCKBUSTER: LET'S SET THE HUMOR **ASIDE** FOR NOW,
GIZ.

SQUIRREL: *chee!*

GIZ: YEAH. WELL, THIS IS NO TRIP TO THE **MALL**, GUYS.

GIZ: WE'RE GOING INTO THE **DRAGON'S LAIR**.

PAGES TWO and THREE

BIG SPREAD

Giz and Blockbuster stand before a group of villains; Mouse, Stallion and Electrocutioner and a whole bunch of Blockbuster's armed and armored gunsels carrying an array of weapons from shotguns to sub-machine guns. They are in the Navy Yard on the concrete area surrounding the dry dock that Oracle's sub lies in. You can show super structures of ships and tall tower cranes in the background.

GIZ: WE'RE HUNTING **ORACLE**.

STALLION: WE **BEEN** HUNTIN' THIS **OR**-AKULL.

GIZ: WELL, THIS TIME WE GOT 'EM **CORNERED**, TEX.

STALLION: HEARD **THAT** BEFORE.

ELECTROCUTIONER: SHUT **UP**, ELECTROCUTIONER.

BLOCKBUSTER: GENTLEMEN...

GIZ: WHOEVER OR **WHATEVER** ORACLE IS THEY'RE **TRAPPED** AND THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY.

INSET PANEL

Giz taps his eyegear.

GIZ: BUT THEY STILL HAVE **TEETH**.

GIZ: THAT'S WHY **I** LEAD THE WAY.

SFX: (TINY) toc! toc!

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

Large panel.

Giz leads the motley band across the gangway that leads from the edge of the drydock to the conning tower of the sub. Small figures. A high angle pullback shot to establish the whole scene.

ELECTROCUTIONER: "TEETH"?

MOUSE: HI-TECH **TRAPS**. SNARES. **TRUST** ME, WE'RE **BEING** WATCHED.

GIZ: MOUSE IS **RIGHT**. ORACLE'S GOT **ALL** THE CHOPS.

GIZ: I'M GONNA **SWEEP** THE PLACE AND YOU BOYS FOLLOW.

PANEL TWO

Giz is leaping down on the deck of the sub with Mouse close behind. The squirrel runs ahead.

GIZ: **WATCH** YOURSELF IN HERE, HON'. I HAVE A FEELING IT'S GONNA BE **HOT**.

MOUSE: YOU TALKING TO **ME** OR **GOOBER**?

GIZ: **BOTH**, I GUESS.

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

Stallion leans on the bulkhead of the conning tower watching Giz lower himself into a hatch on the main deck. Mouse crouches by the open hatch. Blockbuster stands in frame.

STALLION: WHERE'D YOU DIG **THEM** UP, MR DESMOND?

BLOCKBUSTER: MOUSE AND GIZ ARE THE BEST MONEY CAN **BUY**.

BLOCKBUSTER: UNLIKE **CERTAIN** PRESENT COMPANY.

PANEL TWO

Giz crouches below decks touching the side of his visor as Mouse drops down behind him. Giz makes a "wow" face.

GIZ: whoap.

MOUSE: **FIND** SOMETHING?

GIZ: WHAT **DIDN'T** I FIND?

PANEL THREE

From Giz's POV through that visor. We see down a corridor in the sub in a reddish tinge. Objects on the walls and ceilings are circled in yellow on the heads-up display seen in the visor. Next to them are blocks of text in yellow denoting things like:

MOTION SENSORS

HIGH RES VIDEO CAMERA

LASER SCAN

BAROMETRIC GAUGES.

TAILLESS BALLOON: THIS PLACE IS **WIRED**.

TAILLESS BALLOON: THE **WIRES** ARE WIRED.

PANEL FOUR

Electrocutioner appears upside down in the hatch behind Mouse who appears startled. Electrocutioner grins.

ELECTROCUTIONER: SOMEBODY SAY "WIRES"?

MOUSE: oh!

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Electrocutioner sends a bolt of energy down the corridor from his upside down position. It strikes brilliant sparks all down the corridor where those detection devices were. Mouse and Giz duck for cover as the bolt flashes over them.

ELECTROCUTIONER: **NO PROBLEM!**

SFX: **TZZAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!**

GIZ: **YOW!**

PANEL TWO

Electrocutioner drops grinning through the hatch with one of his fists smoking. Mouse is on her ass and Giz is furious.

GIZ: YOU **MORON!**

ELECTROCUTIONER: IT TOOK CARE OF THE **GADGETS**, DIDN'T IT?

GIZ: YOU NEARLY **FRIED** US!

PANEL THREE

Electrocutioner laughs hysterically and points at the squirrel bounding toward them with a smoking tail. The end of the tail is singed. Giz looks appalled.

ELECTROCUTIONER: LOOKS LIKE THE **SQUIRREL** TOOK SOME VOLTS.

ELECTROCUTIONER: **HA HA HA HA HA HA!**

GIZ: **GOOBER!**

PANEL FOUR

Stallion is lowering himself into the hatch with a look on annoyance. Blockie stands with his gunsels.

STALLION: **I'LL KNOCK THEIR HEADS TOGETHER**, MR DESMOND.

BLOCKBUSTER: YOU **DO** THAT.

GUNSEL 1: WE LOOKED AROUND AND THIS IS THE **LARGEST** HATCH, MR D.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Blockie makes a fist and looks really pissed. The gunsels stand about him looking uneasy.

BLOCKBUSTER: DAMN.

BLOCKBUSTER: I WANTED TO SEE THE **CONCLUSION** OF THIS HUNT. BLOCKBUSTER: I WANTED TO **SEE** WHO IT IS WHO'S TAKEN SO MANY **LIBERTIES** WITH MY LIFE.

PANEL TWO

Blockie bends double clutching his chest. His teeth are gritted. A gunsel steps close to help.

BLOCKBUSTER: nng!

GUNSEL 1: YOU **OKAY**, MR D?

BLOCKBUSTER: (WEAK) heart...

PANEL THREE

Blockie backhands the guy and sends him flying back into his pals.

BLOCKBUSTER: **DON'T TOUCH ME!**

GUNSEL 1: unnh!

PANEL FOUR

Blockie looks angry and annoyed, sweat rolling down his face as he plucks the top from a tiny prescription bottle.

BLOCKBUSTER: GET **DOWN** THERE!

BLOCKBUSTER: **FIND** THEM! **BRING** THEM TO ME!

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

A video image looking down into a corridor of the sub. There's other video screens on either side showing different areas of the sub. There's masking tape below each monitor with handwriting on it in marker: GALLEY, WEPS ROOM, REACTOR ROOM, CONTROL ROOM, FORWARD CORRIDOR, AFT MESS.

The main image shows Stallion and Electrocutoner arguing.

ELECTRONIC: KEEP A TIGHT **REIN** THERE, SPARKY.

ELECTRONIC: THAT SOME OF YOUR **COWBOY** PHILOSOPHY, TEX?

ELECTRONIC: MY NAME IS **STALLION**, PAL.

ELECTRONIC: huh.

OFF PANEL: GENIUSES.

PANEL TWO

Another video image showing some of the gunsels making their way through the Galley with nightvision goggles on and guns ready.

ELECTRONIC: WE'RE ON THE COM DECK. WIRES LEAD **FORWARD**, UNIT 2.

ELECTRONIC: **WE'RE** CLOSER, UNIT ONE. WILL REPORT.

ELECTRONIC: STAY **FROSTY**, GENTLEMEN. STAY ALERT.

OFF PANEL: hm.

PANEL THREE

Oracle sits back at her array situated in a communications room. She looks grim and determined. She wears an outfit unusual for her. It's close-fitting and all black with cargo pockets. Her hair is held back by a black ribbon or thong.

BARBARA: COME AND **GET** ME.

BARBARA: BUT IT'S GOING TO BE **EXPENSIVE**.

ELECTRONIC: ORACLE?

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Canary is at the wheel of that hot car from last issue. She's blasting through traffic under a sign that reads: **BLUDHAVEN NEXT FIVE EXITS.**

ELECTRONIC: (SMALL) CANARY?

CANARY: I'M THIRTY MINUTES DRIVING TIME FROM YOU.

CANARY: CAN YOU **HOLD**?

PANEL TWO

Barbara smiles grimly in the glow of her monitors.

BARBARA: **I** CAN HOLD.

ELECTRONIC: I JUST **REALIZED**. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU **LOOK** LIKE.

BARBARA: WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY AT MY BEST RIGHT NOW.

PANEL THREE

Babs is looking at one of her monitors and we see Stallion and Electrocutioner reacting to gas exploding from spicules in the corridor around them. In a corner of the screen we see the word MUTED.

BARBARA: BUT YOU SHOULD SEE THE **OTHER** GUY.

ELECTRONIC: **ATTAGIRL**.

ELECTRONIC: CANARY OUT.

PANEL FOUR

Stallion covers his mouth with cheeks puffed out and Electrocutioner claws at his own body. The gas drifts around them.

STALLION: (WEAK) ooop----sick!

ELECTROCUTIONER: MY SKIN'S---ON **FIRE**!

PANEL FIVE

Giz smiles wanly and Mouse is behind him. The squirrel is on Giz's shoulder.

GIZ: PUKER GAS.

MOUSE: SKIN IRRITANTS.

GIZ: YOU **WON'T** DIE.

MOUSE: BUT YOU'LL **WISH** YOU DID.

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Some of the gunsels move into a room where a palmtop computer rests on a table in a galley. The palmtop is on and its glow lights the room.

GUNSEL 1: THIS IS UNIT TWO. WE HAVE A PALMTOP COMPUTER IN THE MAIN GALLEY.

ELECTRONIC: YOUR TARGET MAY STILL BE **CONNECTED** TO HER DATABASE.

GUNSEL 1: CHECKING.

PANEL TWO

Gunsel 1 is bent over palmtop and looking at palmtop. The other gunsels are behind him.

GUNSEL 1: THERE'S A **PROGRAM** RUNNING HERE. JUST A SECOND AND--

PANEL THREE

Over Gunsel 1's shoulder we see the monitor on the palmtop. On it in large lettering: And Noah says, "Can you give me a hint, Lord?"

GUNSEL: what?

PANEL FOUR

Closer shot and same angle as previous panel. But now the lettering on the monitor reads: AND THE LORD SAYS, "How long can you tread water?"

GUNSEL 1: oops.

PANEL FOUR

LARGSET PANEL

Blockbuster turns to see a large water conduit behind him on the wall of the drydock above him. . The cap on the conduit explodes outward with a fiery blast of flames and steam. Blockie drops his bottle of pills in startlement. A gunsel is beside him looking shocked as well.

SFX: **BUH-WHRAAAAAAAAAAAM!**

BLOCKBUSTER: **GOOD LORD!**

GUNSEL 2: wha--?

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

Pullback downshot. Blockie and that gunsel look around to see all of the conduits around the walls of the dry dock gouting great rushes of water that wash over the sub.

BLOCKBUSTER: THE **DRYDOCK** IS FILLING!

GUNSEL 2: SHE'S **SINKING**!

BLOCKBUSTER: IT'S A **SUBMARINE**, DUNCE.

PANEL TWO

The Gunsels (both units) are wading through the hip deep water in a corridor. Water sprays in thin streams from pipes along the walls and ceiling. Gunsel 1 has his mask off. He's bleeding from a broken nose.

CAPTION: "IT IS **SUPPOSED** TO SINK.

GUNSEL 3: BUT WE **SEALED** THE CONNING HATCH!

GUNSEL 1: HEAD **FORWARD!** **MOVE** IT!

PANEL THREE

Stallion and Giz and Mouse wade through the water. Goober is perched atop Giz' head.

STALLION: HOW LONG'S IT TAKE A BOAT LIKE THIS TO **FILL**?

GIZ: NOT SURE.

MOUSE: BUT WE'D BETTER STICK TOGETHER IN CASE WE HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP IN A **HURRY**.

GIZ: YOU **HEAR** THAT--

PANEL FOUR

They turn to see Electrocutoner clinging to a pipe on the ceiling and holding his feet just above the water. He looks extremely worried.

GIZ: (SMALL) --ELECTROCUTIONER?

ELECTROCUTIONER: uh...I GOT A SMALL **PROBLEM** NERE.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Electrocutioner's feet touch the water and the corridor fills with a brilliant, coruscating field of electricity shocking Stallion and Mouse and Giz. Goober is flung from Giz' head, all of his fur standing out in an instant arboreal rodent afro.

SFX: ***KRRRR-ZAAASSSSSP!***

SQUIREEL: (ELECTRIC BALLOON) cheeeeeeeeeeee!

PANEL TWO

Cut to Alfred and Robin moving down the steep bank of the river that Nightwing and Killdevil and the machine gunner went bouncing down. Alfred has his doublebarrel held ready. Bits of busted motorcycle litter the gravel.

ROBIN: DO YOU **SEE** HIM?

ALFRED: YOU SEARCH FOR **NIGHTWING**, SIR. **I'LL** GUARD THE MISCREANTS.

PANEL THREE

The motorcycle lies a twisted wreck in the water and Killdevil and his machine gunnin' buddy are on their asses in the shallow water along the bank looking dazed. Killdevil's helmet is cracked. Robin is up to his ankles in the water and Alfred keeps his shotgun trained on the pair.

ALFRED: YOU TWO WOULD DO BEST TO REMAIN **ENTIRELY** STATIONARY.

KILLDEVIL: (WEAK, WOOZY) ooooooh....

ROBIN: **NIGHTWING!**

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Robin wades into the water where Nightwing is on hands and knees, his costume even more torn than before.

NIGHTWING: NOT SO **LOUD**. MY HEAD...

ROBIN: CAN YOU **MAKE** IT?

NIGHTWING: NOT MUCH **CHOICE**, ROBIN.

PANEL TWO

They each stand in the water and see the glow of a blast across the river. The superstructure of ships stand out against the blast in silhouette.

NIGHTWING: THINGS ARE HEATING UP OVER THERE.

NIGHTWING: AND BABS IS IN THE **MIDDLE** OF IT.

PANEL THREE

BACK IN THE SUB.

Two gunsels wade through the water in the sub.

GUNSEL 1: WE'VE CHECKED ALL FORWARD COMPARTMENTS AND ARE MOVING AFT.

ELECTRONIC: CHECK ON STALLION AND THE OTHERS. WE'VE NOT HEARD FROM THEM.

GUNSEL 1: WE'RE ON IT, MR D.

PANEL FOUR

One of them turns and aims at a shadowy figure moving in the cross-corridor behind them. The figure is thin and is moving along the ceiling propelled by handholds.

GUNSEL 3: WE'RE **NOT** ALONE

GUNSEL 1: uh?

GUNSEL 3: A **SHADOW**. MOVING FAST.

PANEL FIVE

They splash through the water with guns ready.

GUNSEL 1: WHERE?

GUNSEL 2: THEY SWUNG IN **HERE** USING OVERHEAD HANDHOLDS.

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

LARGEST PANEL

Low angle shot. The Gunsels poke partway through the hatchway with his gun held down the corridor. Above him we see a very spooky Oracle underlit by the red gun light. She wears the black suit with powerpack and equipment belt. She has a palmtop computer strapped to one forearm. Her face is covered by wild looking optical device that is wired to the powerpack. It features rotating lenses like the ones you look through at an optometrist's. It has lots of buttons and dials. Her legs are strapped together bent at the knees to keep them out of the way like paraplegic bike racers do. She also wears her telescoping baton compacted in a holster on her belt. She holds herself up on some conduits crossing the ceiling.

GUNSEL 3: NOTHING HERE. MUST HAVE BEEN A TRICK OF THE **LIGHT**.

GUNSEL 1: CHECK IT OUT **ANYWAY**.

PANEL TWO

The Gunsels stumble back as a canister grenade skips over the waist-deep water trailing smoke.

GUNSEL 1: **GRENADE!**

PANEL THREE

Gunsels 1 turns to Gunsels 3 as the smoke rises around them to fill the chamber they're in. Other gunsels move up the corridor toward them.

GUNSEL 1: IT'S JUST **SMOKE!** NO **GAS!**

GUNSEL 4: WHAT'S GOIN' **ON?**

GUNSEL 1: **STAY ALERT!** TARGET IS **CLOSE**.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

The Gunsels look around in panic waving guns in every direction as smoke rises thick around them.

GUNSEL 3: WHAT'S THE POINT OF USING **SMOKE**?

GUNSEL 1: IT ACES OUT OUR VISION GEAR, STUPID. WE'RE **BLIND**.

PANEL TWO

A weird, upside-down view of the panicky Gunsels. They appear as blurry blue shapes on a field of darker blue. The images is shimmery. In the corner we see the words DOPPLER ON.

GUNSEL 1 SHAPE: NOW, PIPE DOWN AND KEEP YOUR **EARS** OPEN.

GUNSEL 1 SHAPE: AND TRY NOT TO GUN **EACH OTHER**.

A SERIES OF QUICK-CUT PANELS ENSUES—

PANEL THREE

An Gonsel is knocked back by the heel of Oracle's hand swinging at him out of the smoke with a telescoping baton.

GUNSEL 3: unnh!

PANEL FOUR

Gonsel 1 is looking around in the smoke, his head turning.

GUNSEL 1: WHAT WAS **THAT**?

GUNSEL 1: REPORT.

PANEL FIVE

The baton flashes out of the smoke to smash aGonsel aside. The glass from his starlite goggles goes flying away in a spray.

GUNSEL 4: guk!

PANEL SIX

Gonsel 1 holds up his gun and calls out through the smoke.

GUNSEL 1: **REPORT!**

PANEL SEVEN

Two of her hands comes from above to slam a Gonsel forward into a pipe or bulkhead. His gun goes flying from his hand.

GUNSEL 5: aghk!

PANEL EIGHT

Gunsel 1 pulls his starlite lenses and mask off to peer through the smoke with narrowed eyes.

GUNSEL 1: SOMEBODY **TALK** TO ME!

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Gunsel 1 blazes away through the thinning smoke and that shadowy figure drops from the ceiling into the water in the foreground. Bullets strike sparks off of all kinds of surfaces and ricochet around.

SFX: **brrrrrrrrrrt!**

GUNSEL 1: **GOTCHA!**

PANEL TWO

Gunsel 1 is struggling to run through the water. He grins feverishly.

GUNSEL 1: **MR D!** I HAVE MADE CONTACT.

GUNSEL 1: I **SAW** THE TARGET DROP.

PANEL THREE

He is below an open hatchway in the ceiling. He looks at dark streaks in the water near him.

ELECTRONIC: **CONFIRMED** KILL, UNIT ONE?

GUNSEL 1: I **HAVE** A BLOOD TRAIL. WILL FOLLOW.

PANEL FOUR

Shot down through the hatch as a hand reaches down for him. He's looking at the blood smeared on his fingers and not noticing the hand reaching for him.

ELECTRONIC: BLUSE LEADER, SHOULD WE MOVE ON YOUR TWENTY?

GUNSEL 1: NEGATIVE. ABANDON SHIP. GET OUT **NOW!**

GUNSEL 1: I HAVE EVERYTHING **UNDER** CONTROL HERE. ORACLE, OR **WHATEVER**, ISN'T GOIN' **ANYWHERE**.

PANEL FIVE

Oracle's hand has grabbed him by some detail on the front of his costume and pulled him forward to strike his face violently on the open hatchdoor.

SFX: **BRONG!**

GUNSEL 1: unh!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

Oracle hangs by one hand on a handle by the hatch. Wisps of smoke drop through the hatch above. She looks down at a bulletwound on her thigh that's dripping blood.

BARBARA: WOW.

BARBARA: HE **DID** SHOOT ME.

PANEL TWO

Blockbuster holds a headset to his ear and scowls.

BLOCKBUSTER: UNIT ONE?

ELECTRONIC: ...

BLOCKBUSTER: UNIT ONE?

PANEL THREE

Barbara hangs down from the hatch. The Gungel floats in the water. We see the grimace of her mouth under the lens array she wears. She is dripping with water, straining to maintain her handhold.

BARBARA: IT'S **NOT** YOUR FAULT.

ELECTRONIC (SMALL) : ORACLE...

BARBARA: DON'T BLAME **YOURSELF**, DINAH.

PANEL FOUR

Canary is driving toward us. She tears up the highway.

CANARY: I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I **COULD**. IT'S NOT **FAIR** THAT--

ELECTRONIC: (SMALL) DINAH?

PANEL FIVE

Oracle is hand-over-handing toward us down a corridor in the sub. She's using a series of overhead rungs to swing along. The water swirls below her. The wound on her leg is bound with cloth and stained with blood. Her eye lenses glow green.

ELECTRONIC: HUH?

BARBARA: I'M IN A **BAD** WAY HERE, DINAH. I CUT THIS ONE TOO CLOSE.

ELECTRONIC: GIVE ME YOUR **LOCATION**.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Canary is closer now. We look through the windshield to see her looks of intense determination.

ELECTRONIC: THE OLD NAVY YARD. PIER TEN.

CANARY: I'M **TWENTY** MINUTES AWAY.

ELECTRONIC: TOO **LATE**, DINAH.

PANEL TWO

Barbara is swinging toward us, sweat pouring down her face.

BARBARA: I HAVE ONE LAST OPTION.

BARBARA: AND IT'S **NOT** A GOOD ONE.

PANEL THREE

Blockbuster is on the sub deck as the water rises around it. The dishevelled Gunsels and the still smoking Stallion, Giz Mouse and Electrocutoner are on deck. Gunsel 1, sans mask, clambers dazed from a hatch. Blockbuster looks pissed.

BLOCKBUSTER: DID YOU **FIND** ORACLE? DID YOU **SEE** ORACLE?

GUNSEL 1: I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** I SAW! ALL I KNOW IS--

GUNSEL 1: ANYBODY STILL ON BOARD THIS TUB IS GONNA NEED **GILLS**!

PANEL FOUR

The Gunsels and the others swim away as the sub sinks deeper. Water rises in a geyser from the open hatch. Blockbuster stands calf-deep in the water and shouts after them.

BLOCKBUSTER: BUT DID YOU **SEE** THEM?

BLOCKBUSTER: DID YOU SEE **ORACLE?**

PANEL FIVE

Blockbuster swims away from the sub through water turned to chop by bubbles from below.

BLOCKBUSTER: OH **HELL**.

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Oracle holds herself above the water on some ceiling detail in the forward torpedo room. There is only a foot of clearance as the water has nearly filled the chamber. She has her lens array off and holds a bat-rebreather in one hand. She is drenched.

ORACLE: YOU CAN **DO** THIS, BARBARA.

ORACLE: JUST A LITTLE SWIM.

ORACLE: TEN MINUTES TOPS.

ORACLE: (SMALL) rah rah rah.

PANEL TWO

Oracle dives under the water in the torpedo room. She uses her arms to propel herself forward. A dark cloud contrails from the wound in her leg. She's removed her costume top and belt and wears only a tanktop or something like it. We'll be able to see the muscles in her arms straining with her efforts.

PANEL THREE

She opens the torpedo hatch and some bubbles stream upwards from it.

PANEL FOUR

She pulls herself along the torpedo tube by strength of her arms alone.

PANEL FIVE

She is swimming away in a crawl from the sub which lies in the mud at the bottom of the harbor next to the concrete pilings of the dock. Bubbles rise in streams from the sub. Lots of other naval debris litters the bottom as well. She looks exhausted. She leaves a thin stream of dark water from her leg behind her.

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

Her hand rises from the water to grab an iron rung set in a concrete wall.

PANEL TWO

A hand reaches down and grabs her wrist, helping her from the water. She spits out the rebreather as she does so.

BARBARA: puh!

BARBARA: gasp.

BARBARA: gasp.

PANEL THREE

It's Black Canary helping her from the water. Barbara lies on the concrete edge of the drydock.

DINAH: LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE RIGHT ON **TIME**, huh?

BARBARA: (WEAK) oh God...

DINAH: YOU **ARE** ORACLE, RIGHT?

PANEL FOUR

Canary crouches and holds Oracle to her. Oracle is curled in a fetal position and dripping wet. The more drama you can squeeze from this the better. We're going for The Pieta as opposed to anything that HINTS of the sexual. This scene is apparently RIPE for misinterpretation (or OVERinterpretation.) by some of our readers.

BARBARA: (WEAK) not Oracle...

BARBARA: (WEAK) BARBARA.

BARBARA: (WEAK) CALL ME **BARBARA**

PAGE TWENTY ONE

PANEL ONE

Canary has Babs by the wrists and drags her toward a rusting steel shed off the drydock. It's a Quonset hut or hangar type building with a broad open entrance.

DINAH: CAN YOU WALK?

BARBARA: um...NO.

DINAH: oh...YOU'RE **SHOT**.

BARBARA: IT'S OKAY.

PANEL TWO

In the darkness of the shed Dinah looks at Barbara's wound. Babs is propped against a wall. Barbara looks at her earnestly.

DINAH: NOT **TOO** BAD. WE'LL GET YOU TO—

BARBARA: YOU HAVE TO GET **AWAY** FROM HERE. IT'S **ME** THEY WANT.

DINAH: DON'T TALK **CRAZY**.

PANEL THREE

They both turn in alarm at a voice from off panel.

OFF PANEL: ORACLE!

OFF PANEL: THERE'S NO ESCAPE.

BARBARA: (SMALL) no...

PANEL FOUR

Blockbuster stands with his whole motley crew behind him.

BLOCKBUSTER: YOU'VE MADE A VALIANT EFFORT. BUT THIS CAN **ONLY** END IN ONE WAY.

BLOCKBUSTER: COME OUT **NOW**.

PANEL FIVE

Dinah smiles winningly at Babs who looks at her in shock.

DINAH: WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE **KNOWING** YOU.

BARBARA: huh?

DINAH: WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS **AGAIN** SOME TIME.

PAGE TWENTY TWO

PANEL ONE

Dinah walks toward the group from the foreground in a low angle shot. Pull back and give us lots of neg space. Emphasize that she is taking the long walk to her doom.

PANEL TWO

Babs has crawled to where she is partly in the bar of light from the door. Her expression is one of devastation and loss.

BARBARA: (SMALL) DINAH...

BARBARA: (SMALL) NO...

PANEL THREE

Looking over Blockie's shoulder at Dinah standing so fine and brave with a look of defiance on her face. All the Gunsels train weapons on her.

DINAH: I'M THE ONE YOU **WANT**, BIG GUY.

DINAH: I'M **ORACLE**.

PAGE TWENTY THREE

ACROSS THE TOP OF THE PAGE: **EPILOGUE**

PANEL ONE

Nightwing and Robin and Alfred are backlit as they stand in the broad doorway of the workshed. The bullet-riddled van is parked behind them.

NIGHTWING: BARBARA?

OFF PANEL: OVER **HERE**, DICK...

PANEL TWO

Reverse angle from their POV. We see Barbara against the wall of the shed with her baton in her fist and a devastated look on her face. She's wearing her eyeglasses again and looks vulnerable with tears streaming down her face.

BARBARA: THEY'RE **GONE**.

NIGHTWING: YOU'RE **SURE**?

BARBARA: I'M **SURE**.

PANEL FOUR

Nightwing crouches by her and takes her in his arms while Robin and Alfred look on. Alfred has his shotgun ready.

BARBARA: THEY TOOK HER WITH THEM AND LEFT.

NIGHTWING: TOOK **WHO**, BABS?

BARBARA: DINAH...THEY TOOK DINAH...

PANEL FIVE

She has her face against his chest with a faraway look of despair in her eyes.

BARBARA: OH MY GOD...WHAT HAVE I **DONE**?

**TO BE CONTINUED IN BIRDS OF
PREY #22!**

